

**Knights of Columbus
Hymnal**

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Knights of Columbus Hymnal

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

GEO. H. FISCHER

Organist Utica Council No. 189

UTICA, N. Y.

J. FISCHER & BRO.

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HYMNS.

PART I.

ARRANGED FOR FOUR MALE VOICES.

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OPENING ODE.

1 *Allegro moderato.*
1ST & 2ND TENOR.

1. Sing ye his prais-es loud and long, And let the un-en-light-ened
2. With ves-sels three o'er storm-y sea, He thrilled the world of long a -

1ST & 2ND BASS.

know, In ev-ry ech-o of your song, The great deeds done, tho' long a-go, By Co-go, While wisdom linked with des-ti-ny, In jus-tice scales its weight did throw. We

lum-bus of the val-lant soul, Who first old Nep-tune has controlled, De-are his heirs; we wear his name; We boast his deeds; we spread his fame; Our

spite of en-vy, in-trigue, gold, In the dim past of long a-go
or-der is the shin-ing flame, That lights the gloom of long a-go.

WE MEET TONIGHT.

(FIRST SECTION, SECOND PART.)

Moderato.

1. We meet to - night to show the light To this way - far - ing man,
 2. Then hear them now as we a - vow The prin - ci - ples we claim,
 3. We're not bound up by self - ish ties, The true our works com - mend,

Of un - ion's might di - rect - ed right, Then seize it, ye who can.
 With - in our laws, blest be the cause, Sweet char - i - ty its name.
 And bids us b^e a fav - oring voice To each be more than friend.

3.

O FAITHFUL CROSS!

Andante.

1. O faithful Cross! O no - blest tree! In all our woods, there's none like thee;
 2. Bend, to w'ring tree, thy branches bend, Thy na - tive stub - born - ness sus - pend;

No earth - ly groves, no shad - y bowr's Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flow'rs.
 Let not self na - ture use its force, To weak - er saps, have now re - course;

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OH FAITHFUL CROSS!

Sweet are the nails and sweet the wood, That bears a weight so sweet, so good.
 With soft - est arms re - ceive thy load, And gen - tly bear our dy - ing Lord.

INITIATION ODE.

(FIRST SECTION, SECOND PART.)

4. RING OUT THE WELCOME NEWS TO ALL.

Allegro moderato.

Ring out the wel - come news to all, A ha - ven's near at hand, And

fel - low men will kind - ly call Us to the smil - ing land. And

as we clasp each oth - er's hand In love, in u - ni - ty, We

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keep in sight the shin-ing light Of God-like char-i - ty. . .

5 WHILE BORNE O'ER THE WATERS.

Allegro moderato. (SECOND SECTION, FORM TWO.)

1. While borne o'er the wa - ters thro' tem - pest and dan - ger, The
2. The wide waste of wa - ters, dark, lone - some and cheer-less, Grew

wild waves be - neath him and strange skies a - bove, All trust - ing and
fair in the smile that God's coun - te - nance wore, In - vit - ing the

meek, like the babe in the man - ger, The soul of the sail - or was
he - ro, heart hope - ful and fear - less, To lead a bright path - way to

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strong with God's love; Was daunt - less and strong with the might of God's love.
Li - ber - ty's shore; A path - way for na - tions to Li - ber - ty's shore.

REFRAIN.

Then raise the glad an - them! For safe and vic - to - rious, Through

hard - ship and tri - al, He com - eth all glo - ri - ous, Tri -

ump - an - ana strong with one might, O God's love

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REJOICE.

From the "CATHOLIC HYMNAL," by permission.

Andante.

1. { Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing; Your
Yes, on - ward, on - ward still, With hymn, and chant, and song, Thro'
Your clear ho - san - nas raise And al - le - lu - ias loud, While
2. { With voi - ces full and strong As o - cean's surging praise, Lead
Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go From
3. { Still lift your stand - ard high, Still march in firm ar - ray As

glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ, your King.
gate, and porch, and col - umned aisle, The hal - lowed path-ways throng.
an - sw'ring ech - oes up - ward float Like wreaths of in - cense - cloud.
forth the hymns our fa - thers loved, The psalms of an - cient days.
youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
war - riors thro' the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Presto.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y arm - y Moves the Church of God;

With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;

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Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,

For - ward in - to bat - tle See this ban - ner go.
One in faith and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
cross,

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ROCK OF AGES.

9.


Andante.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

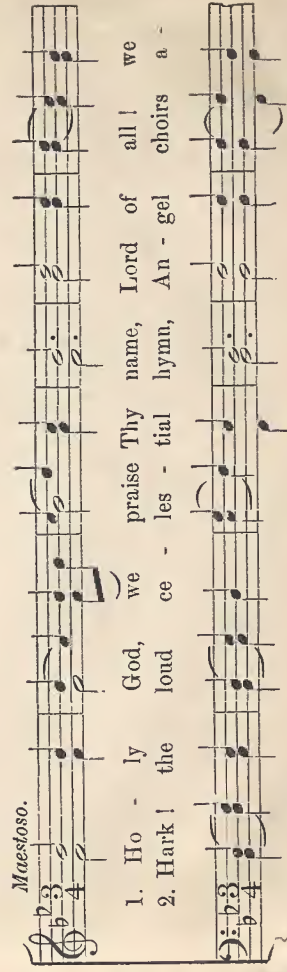


Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

HOLY GOD.

10.

Maestoso.



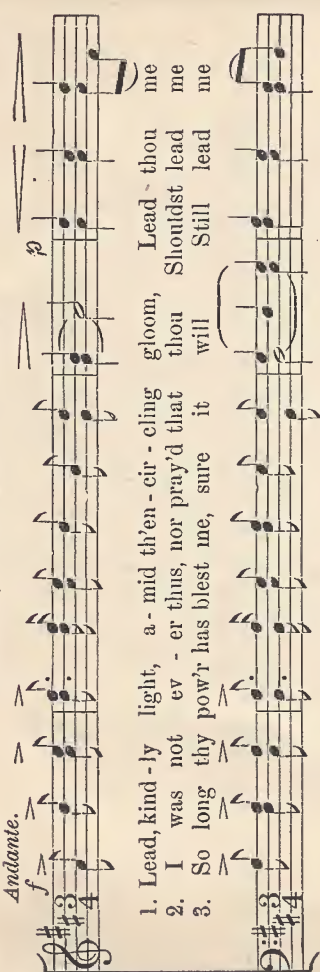
1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name, Lord of all ! we
2. Hark ! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -

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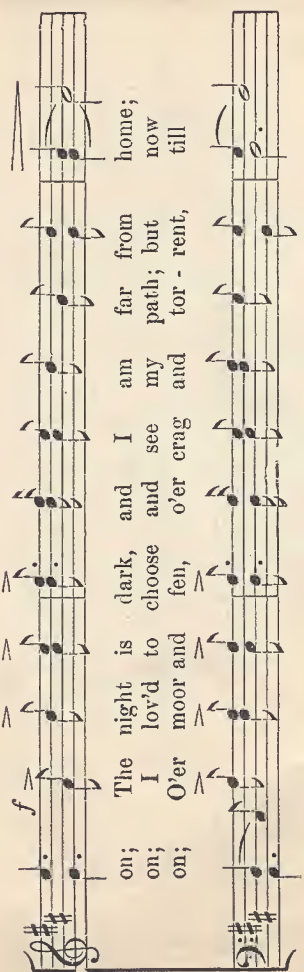
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

8.

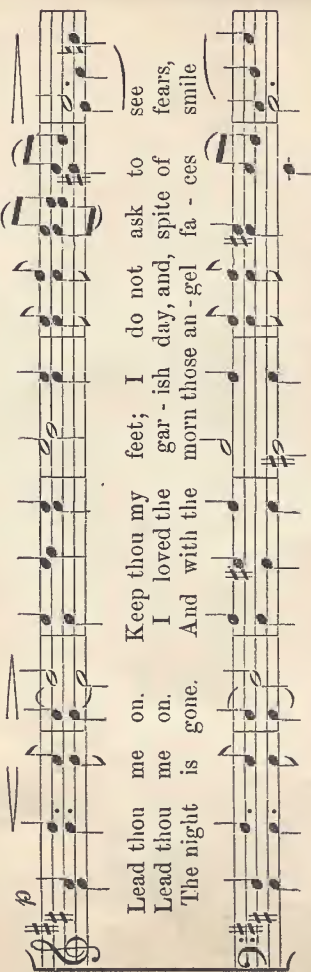
Andante.



1. Lead, kind - ly light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead - thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it will Still lead me

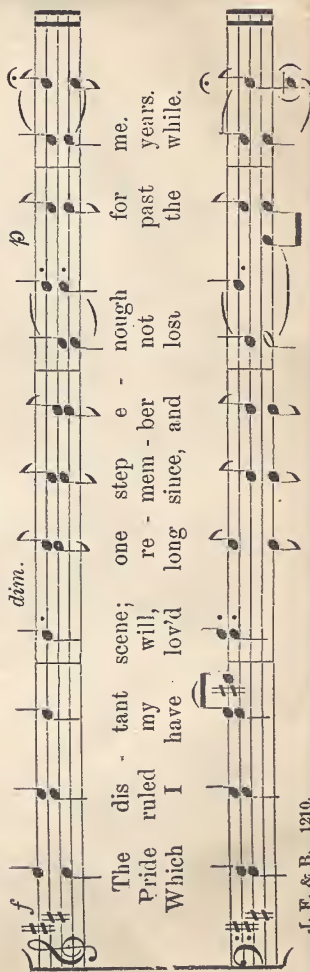


on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
on; I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now
on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
The night is gone. And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile

dim.



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will, re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost the while.

J. F. & B. 120.

bow be-fore Thee; All on earth Thy scep-tre claim,
 bove are rais-ing; Che-ru-bim and Se-ra-phim,

All in heav'n a-bove a-dore Thee; In-fi-nite Thy
 In un-ceas-ing cho-rus prais-ing, Fill the heav'ns with

vast do-main, Ev-er-last-ing is Thy reign; In-fi-
 sweet ac-cord, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord; Fill the

nite Thy vast do-main, Ev-er-last-ing is Thy reign.
 heavens with sweet ac-cord, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly Lord.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

Andante.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem, my hap-py home, How do I sigh for Thee!
 2. No sun, no moon in bor-row'd light Re-volve thine hours a-way:

When shall my ex-ile have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 The Lamb on Cal-v'ry's moun-tain slain Is thy e-ter-nal day.

REFRAIN.

Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-lem, Je-ru-sa-

lem, my hap-py home, How do I sigh for thee!

OFT IN DANGER.

From the CATHOLIC HYMNAL, by permission.

Moderato.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;
2. Let not sor - row dim your eye, Soon shall ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Bear the toil, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life.
Let not fear your course im - pede, Great your strength, if great your need.

13.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Andante.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Ev'n tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone, Dark - ness comes

be a cross that rais - eth me; Still, all my song shall be
ov - er me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

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NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

14

ABIDE WITH ME.

Andante.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls t' e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my

far', and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me.
All a - round I see; Oh, Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me.

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STABAT MATER.

*Melody in First Bass.**Lento.*

1. Sta - bat ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Ju - xta
2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men - tem con - tris -

cru - cem la - cry - mo - sa Dum pen - de - bat fi - li - us.
ta - tam et do - len - tem Per trans - i - vit gla - di - us.

15b.

STABAT MATER.

*Melody in First Tenor.**Lento.*

1. Sta - bat Ma - ter do - lo - ro - sa Ju - xta cru - cem
2. Cu - jus a - ni - mam ge - men - tem con - tris - ta - tam

la - cry - mo - sa Dum pen - de - bat fi - li - us.
et do - len - tem Per trans - i - vit gla - di - us.

CLOSING ODE.

17. NOW OUR EVENING'S WORK IS DONE.

Moderato.

1. Now our eve-ning's work is done, Then let us
2. We have a mis - sion great, True to our

ev - 'ry one, Join in a song.
Church and State, On - ward we move.

Long may our or - der stand, Fore - most in this free land,
We dry the mourn - er's tear, The tired heart we cheer.

Rea - dy with heart and hand To right each wrong.
Faith in our works ap - pear, Up - held by Love.

HYMNS.

PART. II.

ARRANGED FOR UNISON CHORUS.

OPENING ODE.

Air: "MARYLAND"

1.

Moderately slow.

1. Sing ye his prais - es loud and long, And let the un - enlightened know In
2. With ves - sels three, o'er storm - y sea, He thrill'd the world of long a - go, While

ev - 'ry ech - o of your song, The great deeds done, tho' long a - go, By Co -
wisdom link'd with des - ti - ny, In jus - tice scale its weight did throw. We

lum - bus of the val - iant soul, Who first old Nep - tune has controlled, De -
are his heirs; we wear his name; We boast his deeds; we spread his fame; Our

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(16)

OPENING ODE.

17

spite of en - vy, in - trigue, gold, In the dim past of long a - go.
or - der is the shin - ing flame That lights the gloom of long a - go.

INITIATION ODE.

(FIRST SECTION, FIRST PART.)

WE MEET TONIGHT.

Air: "AULD LANG SYNE."

Not too slow.

1. We meet to - night to show the light To this way - far - ing man, Of
2. We're not bound up by self - ish ties; The true our works com - mend, And

un - ion's might di - rect - ed right, Then seize it, ye who can. Then
bids us, by a fav - 'ring voice, To each be more than friend. Then

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hear them now as we a-vow The prin-ci-ples we claim With-
et us jour-ney on as one, In mind, in heart, in hand, Un-

in our laws, blest be the cause, Sweet char-i-ty its name.
til the goal be fair-ly won, That fills the hope of man.

INITIATION ODE.

(FIRST SECTION, SECOND PART.)

3. RING OUT THE WELCOME NEWS TO ALL.

Air: "THE HARP THAT SONG."

Ring out the wel-come news to all, A ha-ven's near at hand, And

fel-low-men will kind-ly call Us to the smil-ing land. And

as we clasp each oth-er's hand, In love, in u-ni-ty, We

keep in sight the shin-ing light Of God-like char-i-ty.

INITIATION ODE.

SECOND SECTION, FORM TWO.

4. WHILE BORNE O'ER THE WATERS.

Air: "ADISTE FIDELLES."

Slow.

1. While borne o'er the wa - ters thro' tem - pest and dan - ger, The
 2. The wide waste of wa - ters, dark, lone - some, and cheer - less, Grew

wild waves be - neath him and strange skies a - bove, All
 fair in the smile that God's coun - te - nance wore, In -

trust - ing and meek, like the Babe in the man - ger, The
 vit - ing the he - ro, heart hope - ful and fear - less, To

soul of the sail - or was strong with God's love, Was daunt - less and
 lead a bright path-way to Li - ber - ty's shore, A path - way for

strong with the might of God's love. Then raise the glad an - them, For
 na - tions to Li - ber - ty's shore.

safe and vic - to - ri - ous, Thro' hard - ship and tri - al, He com - eth all

glo - ri - ous, Tri - um - phant and strong with the might of God's love.

REJOICE YE.

From the "CATHOLIC HYMNAL," by permission.

Slow.

1. { Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing ; Your
 { Yes, on - ward, on - ward still, With hymn, and chant, and song, Thro'
 2. { Your clear ho - san - nas raise And Al - le - lu - ias lord, While
 { With voi - ces full and strong, As o - cean's surg - ing praise, Lead

glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The Cross of Christ, your King.
 gate, and porch, and col - umned aisle, The hal - lowed path-ways throng.
 an - swering ech - oes up - ward float, Like wreaths of in - cense-cloud.
 forth the hymns our fa - thers loved, The psalms of an - cient days.

3

Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.
 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.

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4

At last the march shall end ;
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their father's house,
 Jerusalem the blest.
 Then on ! ye pure in heart.
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The Cross of Christ, your King.

6. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Moderately slow.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the church of God ; Broth-ers, we are

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore ; Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod ; We are not di - vid - ed,

Leads a-against the foe, For-ward in - to bat - tle, See this ban-ner go.
 All one bod - y we, One in faith and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.

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CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

7. HOLY GOD, WE PRAISE THY NAME.

Moderately slow.

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name, Lord of all! we
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a -
 3. Lo! the ap - os - tol - ic train, Join Thy sa - cred

bow be - fore Thee; All on earth Thy - scep - tre claim,
 bove - are rais - ing; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim,
 name to hal - low, Pro - phets swell the loud re - frain,

All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee; In - fi - nite Thy
 In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, Fill the heav'ns with
 And with white - robed mar - tyrs fol - low, And from morn till

vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign.
 sweet ac - cord; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord.
 set of sun, Thro' the church the song goes on.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Slow.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, Wea - ry and lone, Dark - ness comes
 3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou

be a cross, That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

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9. OFT IN DANGER, OFT IN WOE.

Moderately slow.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris - tians, on - ward go;
 2. Let not sor - row dim your eye, Soon shall ev - 'ry tear be dry;
 3. Let your drooping hearts be glad; March, in heav'n - ly ar - mor clad;

Bear the toil, main - tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
 Let not fear your course im - pede, Great your strength, if great your need.
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Soon shall vic - t'ry wake your song.

10. O FAITHFUL CROSS.

Moderately slow.

1. O faith - ful cross, O no - blest tree, In all our
 2. Bend, tow 'ring tree, thy branch - es bend, Thy na - tive
 3. On Thee a - lone the Lamb was slain, That rec - on -

F. & B. 1201.

O FAITHFUL CROSS.

28

woods there's none like thee; No earth - ly grove, no shad - y
stub - born - ness sus - pend; Let not stiff na - ture use its
ciled the world a - gain. And when on rag - ing seas were

bow'rs, Pro - duce such leaves, such flow'rs. Sweet are the nails, and
force, To weak - er saps have now re - course; With soft - est arms re -
tossed, The ship - wreck'd world and man - kind lost; Be - sprinkled with His

sweet the wood, That bears a weight so great, so good.
ceive thy load, And gen - tly bear our dy - ing Lord.
sa - cred gore, Thou safe - ly broughtst them to the shore.

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11. ABIDE WITH ME.

Slow.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy

deep - ens — Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy self, my

fail, and com - forts flee; Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

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CLOSING ODE.

Air: "AMERICA."

Moderately slow.

1. Now our eve - ning's work is done, Then let us ev - 'ry one,
2. We have a mis - sion great, True to our Church and State,

Join in a song. Long may our or - der stand Fore-most in
On - ward we move. We dry the mour - ner's tear, The tired

this free land, Rea - dy with heart and hand To right each wrong.
heart we cheer, Faith in our works ap - pear, Up - held by Love.

J. F. & B. 1291.

13. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Andante.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r hast blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

J. F. & B. 1201.

THE UNIVERSAL PAPAL HYMN

LONG LIVE THE POPE.

Hymn for the Pope.

Words by Rev. HUGH T. HENRY, *Litt.D.* Music by H. G. GANSS.

Maestoso.



1. Long live the Pope! His praise sound a gain and yet a gain: Be-leaguered by the foes of earth, Be-set by hosts of hell;
2. His sig-net is the Fish-er-man's, No scap-tre does he bear;
3. Then raise the chant, with heart and voice, In church and school and home;
4. Then raise the chant, with heart and voice, In church and school and home;



His rule is o-ver space and time: His throne the hearts of men: He guards the roy-al flock of Christ, A witch-ful sen-ti-mel; In meek and low-ly mai-es-ty He rules from Pe-ter's Chair: "Long live the Shep-herd of the Flock! Long live the Pope of Rome!"



All hail! the Shep-herd-King of Rome, The theme of lov-ing song: And yet, a-mid the din and strife, I he-clash of mace and sword, And yet, from ev-ry tri-bune and tongue, From ev-ry clime and zone, At-might-y Fa-ther, bless his work, Pro-tect him in his ways, *rit.*



Let all the earth his glo-ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro-long, He bears a-lone the shep-herd-staff, This cham-pion of the Lord, Three-hun-dred mil-lion voic-es sing, The glo-ry of his throne, Re-ceive his prayers, ful-fill his hopes, And grant him "length of days!" *a tempo.*



Let all the earth his glo-ry sing, And heav'n the strain pro-long, He hears a-lone the shep-herd-staff, This cham-pion of the Lord, Three-hun-dred mil-lion voic-es sing, The glo-ry of his throne, Re-ceive his prayers, ful-fill his hopes, And grant him "length of days."

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For 4 male voices; for 4 mixed voices.

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